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May 15, 1940.

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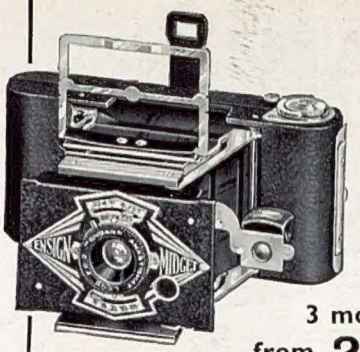

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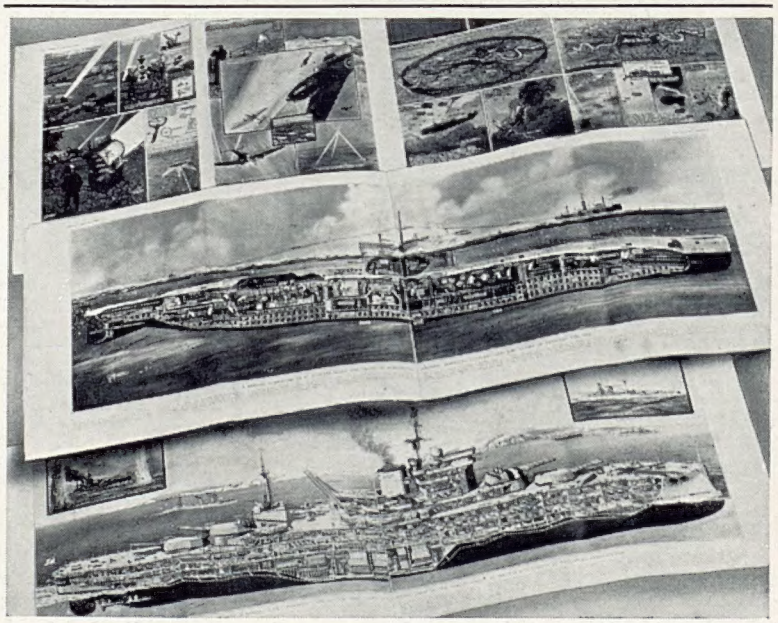

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The Bystander, May 15, 1940 No. 1900. Vol. CXLVI.

The Bystander

Florence Marly : France's Latest Film Discovery

This lovely French girl nearly steals the film. And the film is *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, her part a brief appearance as Madge, the exotic lion-tamer, her fellow-players Corinne Luchaire, Fernand Gravet and Michel Simon. The film is a French version of James M. Cain's novel which was too tough to get past the Hays Organisation in America. This was probably for the best, as the result is a dramatic triumph for France. There is nothing crude in the handling of the strong theme, and London (at the Embassy, Tottenham Court Road) will probably see a repetition of the success already won in Paris, where it was called *Le Dernier Tournant*. This story of murder following a loveless marriage is ideal French screen material, and Director Pierre Chenal has made a faithful transcription of the novel, only the setting having been changed from California to the South of France

Major-General Paget, *here with General Sir Edmund Ironside who went North to greet British and French troops on landing from Norway, was Commandant of the Staff College before he went on active service. An interesting comment on the withdrawal from Aandalsnes which General Paget conducted, came from a regular sergeant with nine years' service; he said: "It was a marvellous piece of rearguard fighting. I have done a great many manœuvres in my time, and this was just like another one, except that it was the real thing."*

Mrs. B. C. T. Paget *is the wife of the Aandalsnes Major-General. She married her cousin in 1918, and they have two sons, Julian and Anthony, of whom one is with her here. Mrs. Paget is the sister of Sir James Paget, Bt. In the last war her husband was mentioned in despatches, was awarded the D.S.O., the M.C., and the Italian Silver Medal for Military Valour*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

I WRITE this while the House of Commons debate on the conduct of the war in Norway is in full swing, and therefore it is impossible for me to comment on it usefully. It is, however, possible to say at once that the outstanding speech on the first day was that of Sir Roger Keyes. Appearing for the first time in the House of Commons in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and wearing his six rows of ribbons, Sir Roger explained that he was speaking on behalf of the fighting Navy. He then launched a devastating attack on the conduct of the operations at Trondheim, which made the entire House very uneasy.

ALTHOUGH we still run the war with a part-time Cabinet, we possess one asset which is quite unique. We, alone among the nations, have a man still amongst us who has conducted a world-war to overwhelming, smashing victory. We don't use him, of course. We don't consult him. We use exactly the opposite methods that he used. That is the true British way. But Mr. Lloyd George is there, all the same. And perhaps even Lord Hankey and Lord Stanhope and Mr. Ramsbotham and Colourful K. Wood could learn a little from him.

MY other midnight thought is that the economic side of this war is of vast importance. Our expert adviser in this department is Sir Josiah Stamp, but he is also only on part-time. The rest of his working day is devoted to the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. It is like the famous old "Grand Hôtel de l'Univers et Portugal," and that stamp-collectors' magazine which I once came across called "*The World-Wide Philatelist,* with which is incorporated the *Kensington Philatelist.*"

I wish Sir Josiah was Economic Minister of the Crown instead of Mr. Cross. In fact, I could do with a little less King's Cross and a little more Euston.

IT is now difficult to see what is the use of trying to hold on to Narvik. There is a railway from Namsos northwards which brings German troops by rail to within 180 miles of Narvik, and there is a road for the rest of the way which will soon become passable after the snow has melted. Within a day or two the full weight of the German Air Force will be at work from Trondheim, and within a week or so the motorised reinforcements will be arriving at Narvik. I do not think I am being defeatist when I say that I think we ought to skip out while the skipping is even comparatively good. We needn't hope for a moment to get any iron ore from Sweden, nor need we think we can prevent Germany getting the ore now by the inner route through Lulea. So let's quit and quit quick.

ONE of the most phenomenal performances which the B.B.C. has yet managed to put forward was its "authoritative statement" at midnight on the day on which the Aandalsnes evacuation was announced. For a full ten minutes the announcer reeled off a list of British victories which certainly have few parallels in history. On sea, in the air, on land, diplomatically and economically, we had scored, according to this statement, a tremendous series of glorious successes. The whole thing made me sick. It was on a par with Lord Stanhope's incredible description of the Norway campaign as "the check, if check there be."

SIR JOHN SIMON addressed a meeting of the Liberal National Party a few days ago, when he emphasised the need of cheerfulness. "Someone has told me," he cried, "that all the newspaper snapshots show me smiling. Why should not I be smiling?" Perhaps the answer to this little question might be that while he was speaking our troops were struggling under an appalling rain of bombs, and our Navy was enduring incredible hardships, and our Air Force was fighting against enormous odds. But so long as Sir John is smiling, all must be for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

WITH all the world's attention anxiously strained upon Rome, it is important to remember that the Mediterranean has two ends. Signor Mussolini possesses about a hundred submarines, but for those submarines to have full play they must get out into the Atlantic, and this depends on Gibraltar. If General Franco can be lined up with the Rome-Berlin Axis, then the Italian Navy and

(*Concluded on page 192*)

"Tell Them How Well You Fought"

In spite of bombing that was "something fearful," and "fighting hard with nothing in our stomachs for thirty-six hours," the soldiers who came back from Norway looked more like victors than vanquished. They seemed to have come home in the same spirit as that of General Sir Edmund Ironside when he said to them: "When you talk to your people, tell them how well you fought—that you have come back with your tails up." The Norwegian expedition is still under discussion in the House of Commons as we go to press; during the first day's speeches there was, anyway, one moment at which members were unanimous—when they cheered the Prime Minister's tribute to the "magnificent gallantry" of the troops engaged in the campaign

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 190)

Air Force might be extremely annoying—at any rate, for several weeks. But without General Franco's air bases and submarine harbours, the Italians would be taking a great risk of being bottled up inside the Mediterranean.

I FIND it difficult to believe that the Air Marshal commanding the British Air Forces in France has acted wisely in virtually prohibiting the activities of war correspondents attached to the R.A.F. Up to now these correspondents have been allowed to visit squadrons to secure first-hand stories from pilots. Now that has been forbidden, and the correspondents have very rightly all come home. It seems impossible to "get over" the notion that this is a total war. Each department seems to regard it as a personal, private war. The morale of the civilians will certainly be the deciding factor in the end because it is the civilian who provides the money, the trade, the munitions, and the recruits. Don't forget that—and the recruits.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON was asked in the House of Commons whether he did not think that the paid A.R.P. personnel at Clacton-on-Sea was a sound investment in view of their efficiency when the German mine-layer crashed in the town. Sir John replied in the following words: "I think the experience at Clacton-on-Sea has been heartening from every point of view." If I can remember to do so, I propose to raise a small fund to get this immortal saying embroidered in violet silk upon art-postcards and sent to all those who were wounded in the crash.

AT the funeral of the German airmen who were killed in the crash at Clacton there was a wreath from the Air Force Station at Martlesham inscribed, so I am told, with the words, "With deepest sympathy." This, if it is true, is a recrudescence of what happened in the last war. The idea was that in some curious way the fighting in the air was more "chivalrous" than the fighting on the ground. Whether that was the case or not in 1914-18, I for one cannot see the chivalry of the German Air Force in this war. Villages have been bombed, and civilians murdered by the German airmen in Poland and Norway, and our own fishermen and keepers of lightships have been butchered in cold blood. Naturally everyone is entitled to send wreaths to whatever funeral they like, but if it comes to the funeral of murderers, then, as Mr. Sam Goldwyn would say, you can include me out.

SOME extraordinary figures have been produced about the cost of certain camps which have been built recently. For example, camps—two at Cove and three at Arborfield—were begun more or less simultaneously by two different contractors. The two camps at Arborfield cost £320,000 and were built by 962 men. The three camps at Cove cost £1,300,000, and the number of men employed was 7000. Again, at a camp in the south-west of England it is alleged that the contractors insisted upon using hardware pipes at 9s. a yard instead of concrete pipes at 6s. a yard. The hardware pipes were brought from North Wales. The managing director of the pipe firm was the brother of the camp contractor. And so on and so on and so on.

THERE is a number of chaps—are they Fascists?—who creep about at dead of night and plaster the walls with anti-British slogans. A certain Mrs. Fanny O'Brien of Westcliff was so furious at an anti-patriotic slogan on a wall in her neighbourhood that she seized a bit of chalk and altered it to a patriotic slogan. For this she was ordered to pay £2 6s. costs at the Southend Police Court. The Southend magistrates won't stand any nonsense in their bailiwick, even if it's pro-British nonsense.

I WENT down to Kew Gardens on the first gloriously hot Sunday of the year. The pink magnolias were just past their best, but the apple-blossom was magnificent, and the rhododendrons were coming into bloom. The gardens were looking lovely and the catering arrangements would have disgraced an out-of-season seaside resort in Guatemala.

MR. AUDEN and Mr. Joneswood are, they tell me, spending the war in California. A third poet, Mr. Louis MacNeice, has now gone to America, and he has given a remarkable interview to the Buffalo *Courier-Express*. Mr. MacNeice began by deploring the scarcity of good poetry coming out of the war between Germany, England and France (put in that order). He went on: "Prospects may improve if and when the war speeds up a little, but right now there is too much boredom about the whole thing to encourage either poets or poetry." It has, however, encouraged poets to undertake transatlantic flights.

The Paper Problem

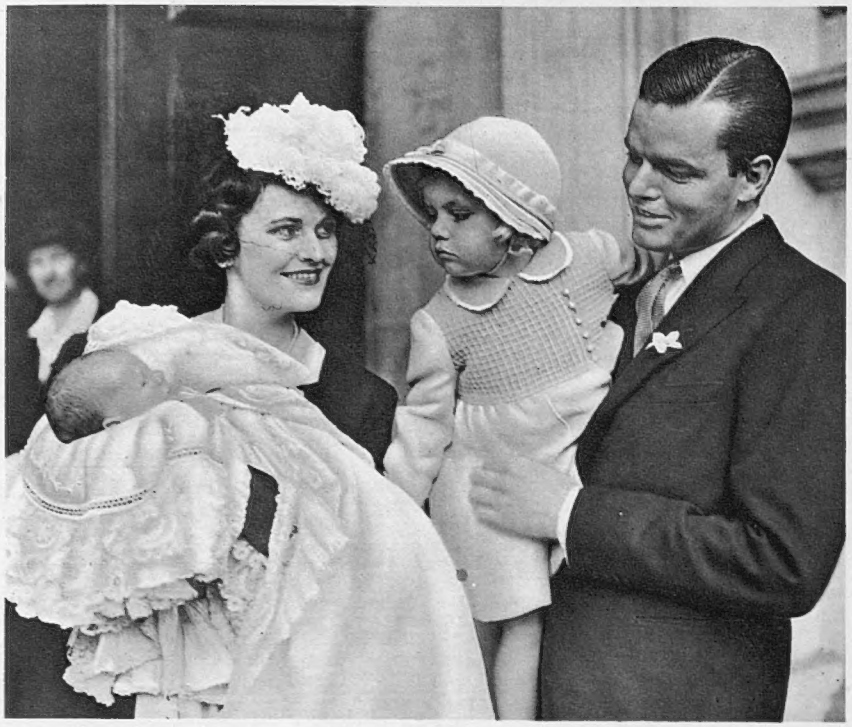
In view of the paper shortage, to make sure of your copy of the *Bystander* each week, it is essential to give your newsagent a standing order. This helps him, you and us. Thank you!

***Madame Colban,** wife of the Norwegian Minister, saw her son again after many months when he came to London on leave. She and Sec.-Lieut. Erik Colban were photographed in the Legation Garden on the day he arrived. He narrowly escaped capture when the Germans entered Oslo, and had great difficulty in reaching the Norwegian Army. He will be returning to Norway after his leave. His father has been Minister in London since 1934*

***Norway's Foreign Minister,** Professor Koht, arrived in London a day or two after the Allied withdrawal from his country. Here he stands outside the Foreign Office between the Defence Minister, Colonel Ljungberg, who came over with him, and the Norwegian Ambassador, M. Colban. The Ministers, besides bringing political and military views and information of great importance with them, were in time to hear the critical two-day debate on the Norwegian campaign in the House of Commons. Next day they flew to Paris to confer with the French Government*

Spring in the Garden of England

The long winter and the slow spring brought all the blossom out at once this year in an overwhelming sudden beauty. A week or so ago the cherry and the apple trees in full flower turned the fields and orchards of Kent into a magic sea of white and pink around the placid oast-houses



Christening: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny's Son

Brian Charles Sweeny was christened at Brompton Oratory, with six godparents—Count John de Bendern, Lord Milton, Richard Tauber, Lady Pamela Berry, Mlle. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow. (The last-named is rumoured to be going to marry Robert Sweeny, Jr., Charles Sweeny's brother, when she gets her divorce.) Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny's daughter Frances was born in 1937

Private View: Two R.A.s Outside Burlington

Dame Laura Knight, R.A., has painted gypsies and horses for the Academy as usual. Her "Gypsy Plaiting Her Hair" was reproduced in last week's "Bystander"

Sculptor Charles Wheeler is A.R.A. in 1934, and his England won the Academy from Wolverhampton; he him here, live in Sussex,

People in the Lighter News

Art, Stage, Society, Services

Anglo-French: Actresses, a Poilu and Parcels

The Friends of the French Forces Fund, which was started last January, now sends an enormous number of parcels every week to French soldiers. Here at the Fund's headquarters are Alice Delysia and Margaret Rawlings with André Boillot, son of M. Félix Boillot, of Bristol University, who is now a poilu. Mlle. Delysia was guest of honour at the lunch given that day by the Fund. The founders of the Fund are Lord Crewe, Lord Tyrrell and Brigadier-General E. L. Spears

Natural History Lesson by Sonnie Hale

Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews took their small adopted daughter Catherine to the Maidstone Zoo the other day, for her to open the new Pets' Corner there. Catherine and Sonnie had a good look at Donald Duck, one of the Maidstone pets, and later the Hale family trio went for a ride on an elephant. Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale are in "Come Out to Play" at the Phœnix

House

a 1940 R.A. He became Ariel for the Bank of Medal in 1937. He comes and his wife, who is with have a son and a daughter

Stamps: a Philatelic Celebration

Sir John Wilson presided at the Royal Philatelic Society's dinner to celebrate the centenary of the adhesive postage stamp. He is Keeper of the King's Philatelic Collection. With him here is Lady Wilson. The Penny Post centenary has been marked by the Post Office with their issue of special stamps bearing the heads of Queen Victoria and King George VI.; these are already familiar in the beautiful but expensive 2½d. blue

Brighton: Lady de Trafford and Countess Bendern

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Freeman and Mrs. Charles Taylor

Brighton had a gay May week-end with Lewes races and lovely weather to fill the hotels and restaurants. With Lady de Trafford above is Countess John de Bendern (Lady Patricia Douglas that was), whose husband was godfather at the Sweeny christening. Mrs. Freeman is better known as Polly Ward, stage, screen and radio star. With her and her husband is Mrs. Charles Taylor, wife of the Eastbourne M.P. (see below)

Equity Councillor

Doreen Percheron is one of the two chorus girls who have been elected to the Council of Equity to help wage the anti-nudity battle. She is twenty-two, a Cochran Young Lady in "Lights Up!"

Engineer Earl

Lord Craven, "Ginger" in his sea life, is now an Engineer Sub-Lieutenant. He was formerly in the Coldstream Guards, on the Supplementary Reserve as a Second Lieutenant, took to the sea when war began. He is twenty-three this year, married Irene Meyrick in 1939, and they have a daughter born in January

Conducted Tour: M.P. and Newfoundlanders

Captain Charles Taylor, M.P. for Eastbourne, took a party of Newfoundland soldiers round the Houses of Parliament last week. They are some of the 400 volunteers who arrived from Newfoundland a week or two back to join the Royal Regiment of Artillery. With others who will follow them, they are to form a Newfoundland R.A. regiment. Captain Taylor has been Member for Eastbourne since 1935

In spite of the war, Private View Day had something of its accustomed air of being a prelude to the London summer. Lady O'Neill, in blue and white, was one of the young married socialites who used her invitation-card

Miss Mary Rose Charteris looked summery in her light suit and shirt and small bonnet. She is Lady O'Neill's sister, and the youngest of the three daughters of the Hon. Guy Charteris, is twenty-one this year

Lady Dashwood, like most of the women at the Private View, wore a neat suit, and a severely smart little hat. Her husband, Sir John Dashwood, is now a Flight-Lieutenant in a Balloon Squadron of the R.A.F.

Spring hats, as the Royal Academy parade showed them, are small, tilted and much beflowered. Mrs. McCallum Tait wore one of them with a veil, and a fox cape over her suit

At the Academy Private View

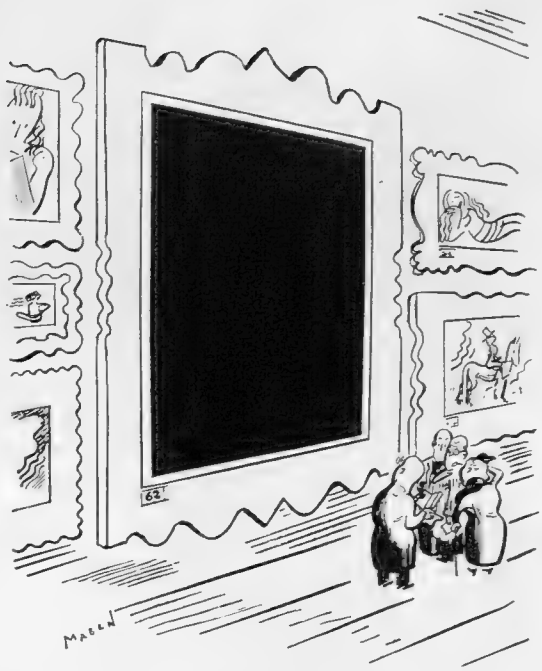
Family trio with escort were Mrs. A. H. Tod and two daughters, Angela and Elizabeth Tod, all with spring hats and springing veils to mark the arrival of May, fine weather, and the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House. With them here is Mr. Benavides. Mrs. Tod is the wife of Lieut.-Col. A. H. Tod, and the family live at 19, Cadogan Square

Another family trio were the Hon. Kitty Seely and her father and stepmother, Lord and Lady Mottistone. Miss Seely before the war was working as draughtsman in her architect brother, the Hon. John Seely's office, and also for a Winchester architect for whom she did a perspective drawing that has been hung in the Academy

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Number 62—'The Blackout'"

THIS month Sadler's Wells Ballet is making a tour of Holland. A German ballet company has announced its intention of doing the same thing towards the end of the month, and if both companies should meet in the same town the situation should be piquant enough to make the shade of Diaghileff furious with jealousy and afford Dutch balletomanes the dance-spectacle of a lifetime. Especially if the sacred principles of choreography are strictly adhered to, and the boys and girls on both sides express their feelings with their arms and legs, in fouettes and pirouettes, entrechats and arabesques, gargouillades and tours-en-l'air. If you 've seen that old favourite *Giselle,* which has been tripping and hopping merrily along since the 1840's and is still a big ballet number, you 'll know what we mean. One swift twirl of the leg means : *" I am not averse to you, sweetheart, but I doubt if my parents, M. and Mme. Dupont, 15, Rue Victor Hugo, will for one moment entertain the idea of my contracting marriage with a rural ghost."* One almost imperceptible twirl of the wrist means : *" I think you are teasing me, you flirt, yet the light in those big blue eyes bids me continue to hope that for all your persiflage you can be wholly serious when it comes to loving a girl in a big way."* In this manner Sadler's Wells and the Nazis could bombard each other at sight with the contents of their respective Governments' Blue Books and fight a graceful, bloodless, and beautiful engagement à outrance.

Yet how clumsy even this would seem beside the subtler art of the Chinese theatre, which could convey it all by the raising of a single eyebrow, the sideways flick of a fan. We once met a girl at a Bloomsbury party who could whistle *Das Kapital* all through. How everybody roared when a Chinese of high culture put the little Western barbarian in her place, conveying the essence of Marx's immortal opus by simply dilating his irises !

Fired

EXACTLY eight months from the beginning of the life-and-death struggle in which this nation is engaged, Marylebone authorities have sacked seventeen enemy aliens employed in A.R.P. duties, the feeling being apparently that for German wardens to take charge of the Island Race during raids by German airmen is not quite the thing. This point of view seems to us hasty and harsh, and if encouraged might lead to the dismissal of the remaining Germans holding key-positions in our munition factories. Already, to the grief and indignation of a small but compact body of kind, warm British hearts, Germans are forbidden (at present) to hold commands in the British Navy, Army, Air Force, and defence services, though vouched for personally by people of high social position such as Mrs. Powke and Lady Harridan, whose aunt Hermione was in Berlin early last year and reports that the Germans are perfectly delightful, dear men, dear persons, such charming faces, so intellectual. Yet when Lady Harridan recently demanded a colonelcy and a job on Gort's Staff for one of her protégés, young Erich von Bopp, she was turned down quite tersely, an experience to which that mottled and masterful crone is not accustomed. To her, as to us, the new attitude in Marylebone seems significant and sinister, like the attitude of the magistrates who recently sent a young gentleman whose room was crammed with swastikas and photographs of Nazi chiefs to prison for defacing a Government defence poster. A few enemy aliens in the Cabinet and high British naval and military posts could soon bring about a better feeling. We have progressed a lot since the last war, when a sudden blond square-headed apparition in British Staff uniform asking a sentry : " Is dis der gommunigation-drench ? " was invariably taken away, court-martialled, and shot. What a way to treat the Overmen ! Write to your M.P. about it.

"24's—by the look of them"

Trove

LATEST reports from that chap we mentioned recently who is digging up the accumulated strata of fifty generations of peasant life and discarded ironmongery from the bed of a crystal brook babbling past his cottage in the South are just to hand. He was sitting in his tent by the waterside one evening, writing up the pay-sheets, when the cry " Y'Allah, y'Allah ! " from the gang foreman showed that they had found treasure some five feet down. And rare trove it was : a bit of an antique pottery mug bearing the inscription " . . . rm Brighton," a shattered moustache-cup, circa 1850, an old gun-barrel, a piece of a china model of the Rocket, some large bones and rags, showing the owner to have been shot in the pants at least twice by a rook-rifle, and a strange rusty metal object which might be

anything. Field archæologists are notoriously clever at reconstructing the past from very small data. Our friend deduces that the bones are those of one Henry Mangles, or Grummitt, 5 ft. 10, 18 st. 7, bumped by a rural friend at a village festa during the railway and homicide boom of the 1840-50's and buried, according to custom, with the objects he had best loved in life. Mr. Mangles, or Grummitt, he thinks, was a keen admirer of George Stephenson and went round taking joyous pot-shots at those of the Arcadian population who disagreed that a new era of eternal joy, peace and prosperity had dawned with the power of Steam. From the Brighton trophy and a broken pink vase-fragment our friend deduces that Mrs. Mangles, or Grummitt, was long, lean, shrewish, short-sighted, pleasure-mad, fond of making gooseberry-wine, avaricious, slightly rheumatic, strabismic, vengeful, and runner-up in the women's eggandspoon race at the Rectory in June 1847. Mr. Mangles, or Grummitt, was probably shot by a tall red-haired hedger-and-ditcher named George Clumps, judging from a bit of reddish-grey hair or whisker found near the bones. Mr. Clumps probably had water on the knee and was a Seventh Day Jebusite, unmarried, surly, about forty-five, hoarse, secretive, plain, irritable, asthmatic, and good at catching and skinning moles.

A lot more facts, accurately reconstructing a lost civilisation, have been deduced by our friend, who hopes to present his conclusions before long to the Royal Society, or some cheery joint.

Racket

THE question of London's myriad beggars is once more perturbing a lot of serious chaps. The profession, like most of the liberal professions, is overcrowded, though feeling the present draught a little less than the others, thanks to the public's tender heart. The price of the best West End pitches has slightly gone up, however, and a few leaders of the profession are having to lay up their cars; and a chap who knows the racket well tells us that the Very Big Noise, the modern London equivalent of the mediæval Grant Coesre or High Khan of the Parisian Guild of Beggars, has recently disposed of a number of Goyas, Gauguins, Manets, and Johns by private treaty. Organised begging, in fact, is not what it was a few months ago, and, as in Harley Street, the most skilful practitioners are modifying their method to some extent. You may have noticed for example that the truculent citizen carrying a bunch of violets who opens your car door in a traffic-block no longer keeps one knee inside while he threatens you; and though the chaps who bawl those melancholy Welch hymns send out the usual screen of scouts on both sides of the street, the box is no longer rattled at the citizenry like a salvo of shell, but jingled invitingly. And still you and we, loath to turn down some poor miserable devil who whines at our side, are mulcted eight times out of ten, probably, by some smooth professional. There seems no way of dealing with this problem, short of putting all beggars of sound physique and military age into the fighting forces, and God forbid such a revolutionary and undemocratic step should ever sully the page of our Rough Island Story.

"I can't get it out of my gardener just what he planted in the tennis lawn last year"

Gesture

THAT Soviet exhibition commemorating the 600th centenary of Geoffrey Chaucer, the well-known Marxian publicist, should be interesting. Perhaps Auntie *Times* believes correctly that the modern Communist may feel a nostalgia for Chaucer's period, when human brotherhood was strong and vital; but what spiritual or mental connection there may be between the Soviet serf and free jolly chaps like the Miller and the Franklin and the Shipman, or just where a modern Muscovite sweetheart coincides with the exquisite Prioress, or even the mighty Wife of Bath, Auntie didn't go so far as to conjecture. And pilgrimages to Slogger Lenin's tomb in Red Square, in our mousy view, are even less likely to exhale that springlike Chaucerian charm and joyousness than the pilgrimages of Old Russia to Kazan and other shrines. In fact, why the Russians should take up the great gay Chaucer at all, except on Auntie's credible hypothesis, beats us. You 'd think somebody rather morbid and pessimist and woozly, like the Brontë Girls, or George Gissing, or poor little Thos. ("Misery") Hardy, would be more their tea if they wanted a British author to fuss over. There 's a strong streak of the Russian in all those five girls and boys already, if you ask us. Put them in a wayside *traktir* on a dreary steppe with a bottle of vodka and an accordion and plenty of room to weep and tear their hair and they 'd have knocked Bloomsbury for a row of tin Japanese ashcans before rushing out to hang themselves in the woodshed. This state of mind comes of spurning Holy Cricket and omitting to subscribe regularly to *Punch*, two major influences to which you owe the healthy fun and fundamental decency of outlook you find weekly in this entrancing page. Incidentally, they err who allege that gin can bring on the weepies as easily as vodka. Gin, as its addicts admit, makes you cry only over relatively trivial and passing troubles, vodka makes you cry à la Russe over the immeasurable tragedy of existence, the world's crushing misery, the cruel enigma of Life itself. But a European has to be pretty full of vodka to be such an ass, in our experience.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

More Fragments From France: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"If they sends yer to Norway, you'll find it tough all right! None o' this scroungin' around with every 'ome comfort, like you got 'ere"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

Wolf in sheep's clothing: "Nicky" Buckley (Olga Edwardes)

Guardian angel: Hercule Poirot (Francis L. Sullivan)

"Peril at End House" (Vaudeville)

THE ideal solution in a detective play takes you completely by surprise and makes you feel a fool not to have thought of it; combining, like all the best things in the theatre, the unexpected with the inevitable. What, however, usually happens in a detective play is that you guess the answer or, being told the answer, don't see how anybody could possibly have been expected to guess it. In which case, only interesting characters and funny lines will be likely to redeem the evening from failure.

THERE are no funny lines in Arnold Ridley's adaptation of Agatha Christie's *Peril at End House*, and the characters have about as much character as a character written by an old mistress for a new maid, with the one exception of Hercule Poirot, who, if not very interesting, is at least Belgian, and thus achieves distinction from other detectives in English, if not in Belgian, detective yarns. The major question of the evening is: Who shot Maggie Buckley when she was wearing her life-threatened cousin's shawl and so was liable to be mistaken for her? Answer: the cousin herself, craftily lending her the shawl to divert suspicion, which seems a good idea, but is not quite good enough, since I guessed it.

SECONDARY questions involving a woman in a bath-chair, the death of a flying ace, an escaped mental case, and other sundries, including a very queer housekeeper, who, apparently, was only very queer because she was very queer, were too much for my sluggish mind to solve, or, even when explained, to grasp with entire certainty. But if there is one thing I won't do when I go out for an evening's entertainment, it is to take a lot of trouble to follow what 's going on. I hold it to be the author's business, not mine, to make things clear. To be baffled is, of course, part of the game, and I don't mind that. But I do demand an explicit statement of the issues involved. Groping about in Blind Man's Buff never appealed to me as a child; and though it was a relief to catch somebody and have done with it, I was never much excited to see who it was.

THE workmanship of *Peril at End House* is bald and crude. But Francis L. Sullivan bulks competently as Hercule Poirot, whom I have never met in print, but who was so superbly acted some years ago by Charles Laughton in another Agatha Christie play.

There is also a nice performance by Ian Fleming as Captain Hastings, who would seem to be Poirot's Watson. But is it not a sign of weakness for a brilliant detective to need a fool for a foil? This rather reminds me of the old actor-managers, some of whom had a way of surrounding themselves with fifth-rate players in order that their by no means astonishing talents might shine by contrast.

For the rest of the company, it is fair to middling, and the girls are pretty, which seems to be considered almost as important in a play as in a revue.

Anthony

"Down Went the Captain" before Hedli Anderson

"Down Went the Captain" is one of the songs auburn-haired Hedli Anderson has been singing in the Victorian cabaret at the Players' Theatre. This young actress, born of a Scottish mother and Irish father, was opera-trained in Berlin and came to London in 1934. The years since then have been varied: she has played in every kind of show, from "straight" to cabaret, from the Westminster to the Trocadero, working for Guthrie, Coward, Cochran, besides finding time for broadcasting. Her first film just made is appropriately called *Hello, Fame.* Now she is appearing in *Up and Doing*, the Leslie Henson revue at the Saville. But it is in a Victorian setting that Hedli Anderson is at her best, and then, as she sings in another old ditty, "We follow, yes, we follow"

"Are You Being Served?": The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens and Clubs

Smallest *Y.M.C.A. canteen at a London terminus is the Charing Cross one, which had to be built on the platform because there was no other place available for it. This is how it looks from outside*

Dark-blue overalls *are a Y.M.C.A. uniform, and at Charing Cross the canteen head makes a special point of this convention. Miss Ginette Potter was doing her spell of washing-up duty*

Snacks *bought at the counter must be eaten standing, so there are no knife and fork meals. Lady Iris Mountbatten was selling cakes and tea to Lance-Corporals Collard and Johnson of the Military Police, Driver Johnson, Leading Aircraftman Barnett and Guardsman Clarke. The station staff are also canteen customers*

No. 4. The Y.M.C.A. Canteen at Charing Cross

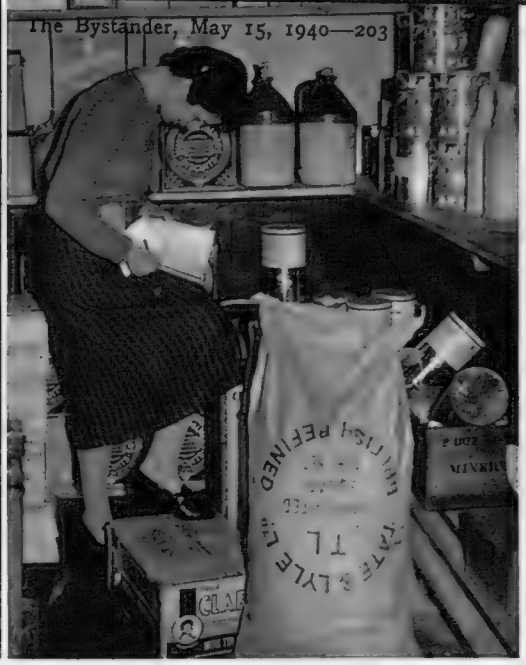
When the Y.M.C.A. and the Southern Railway wanted to open a canteen at Charing Cross, they were faced with an acute space problem. The Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, chairman of the Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary, and Mr. Robert Holland Martin, chairman of the S.R., went round the whole station together looking for a possible corner for it. Eventually the canteen, smallest of London terminus canteens, was built on the platform, and opened in December. It is open from 8 a.m. to 11.30 p.m., and the voluntary staff go on in shifts of five at a time for four hours' duty. Mrs. Wilberforce, joint head with Mrs. Charles Seymour, is the wife of Colonel Wilberforce, head of N.A.A.F.I.

Heads *of the canteen are Mrs. Charles Seymour and Mrs. Wilberforce (right). Mrs. Wilberforce has had a special coffee percolator installed, and the coffee is a specialité de la maison. She has two sons serving, was at Liverpool Street Station canteen before the Charing Cross one opened. Pouring tea is Lady Blane, who is the hon. secretary of the National Women's Auxiliary Committee of the Y.M.C.A.*

Rules *about how to leave the milk-urns, coppers, sinks, etc., before going off duty hang on the wall behind sandwich-cutters Mrs. Charles Seymour and Mrs. Thelusson. Besides sandwiches and cakes, hot pies (2½d.) and sausage rolls (1½d.) are also sold. Mrs. Seymour, joint head of the canteen with Mrs. Wilberforce, has a son in the Guards*

***Potatoes** are half-way to mash on the new stove under the eye of Mrs. Steer, a voluntary worker who does four days a week at Waterloo, and whose husband is a Gunner*

***Urns** and kettles and teapots give their attendant the hardest physical exercise of any canteen job. Waterloo has a particularly happy atmosphere among its workers, paid and voluntary, and no one ever seems to get short-tempered*



***Head** of the canteen is Miss Rolfe, here checking stores. Quantities are the largest of all canteens so far covered in our series: 1 cwt. sausages (approx., 4200) a day are used; 700 eggs (record, 400 in three hours)*

No. 5. The Y.M.C.A. Canteen at Waterloo

By contrast with Charing Cross, Waterloo has the biggest Y.M.C.A terminus canteen. A large dining-room, writing and billiard rooms, big store-room and huge refrigerator were taken over from the Dining Club of the S.R. clerical staff, who are now evacuated. The lordly style is typified by the ten-foot sandwich-cutting table in the kitchen, instead of the grudged corner usually available for bread and butter cutters. The canteen is open night and day, serves officers, men and railway staff, cooks and serves full meals on such a scale that things like whole legs of pork are bought, so that excellent meat is sold at very low prices. Head of the canteen is Miss Rolfe, who before the war was chairman of the Edward Hulton House, Stepney. Besides having a full-time job with the catering and management of the canteen, she seems to have time to give a personal welcome to almost everyone who comes in. She is an extremely good musician, and often goes to the piano and plays for and sings with groups of men who are waiting for trains, and seems to enjoy every minute of it

***Head cook** is Mrs. Matthews, and with her is Mrs. Tremlett, who has been a voluntary worker here since the canteen opened. Waterloo has three paid cooks, two on day and one on night duty, because so many full, cooked meals are served; 130 breakfasts can be served at a sitting. Lunch, meat, two veg., and pudding, costs 1/-*

***Handyman** Townsend is always "nipping up to help the ladies" from air-raid shelter cleaning and other odd-jobs for which the S.R. employ him, is one of the canteen's hardest workers. Last war he worked on an ambulance train, afterwards was for twenty-five years cellarman with a Piccadilly wine firm*

***Serving** on the right is Miss Robinson, a Red Cross nurse who is waiting to be called for her next job, and comes from Weybridge to the canteen. She is a very good cook, for the first six months of the war was cook at a Walton hospital*

***Acetylene burners** have steadily eaten their way into the old Berengaria, whose arrival for breaking-up turned the tide for many workers who had lost their jobs years earlier when Jarrow shipyards closed. Alfred Pitkeathley was one of those taken on by the Jarrow Shipbreaking Company, which purchased the one-time crack German liner*

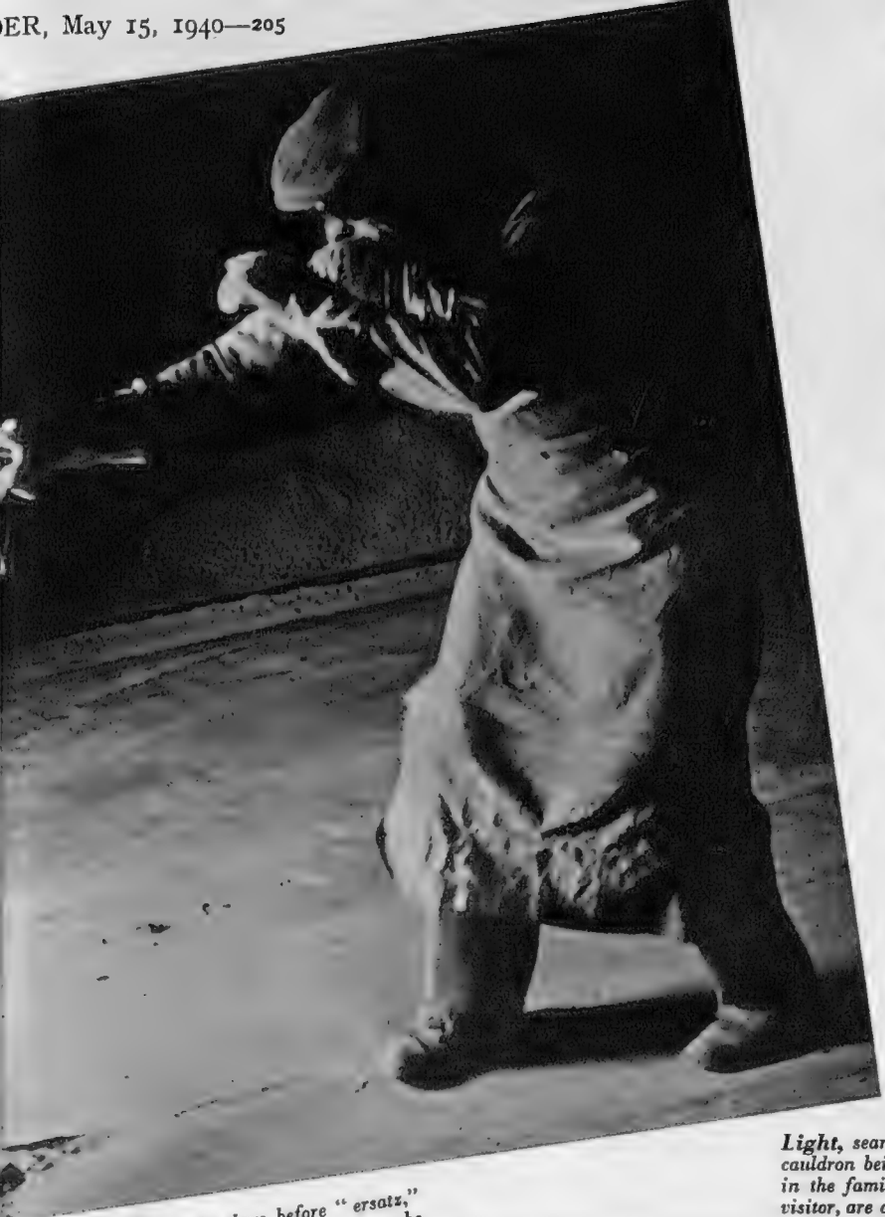
***Steel** from the Berengaria, good is melted down in the furnac used again as war material. electric furnace, shielding hi*

***Heat** of the degree at which iron becomes liquid invests the dull heavy stuff with a frightening fierce vicious life of its own. Imprisoned in the huge cauldron it spits a million darting sparks, dulls momentarily as dust is thrown on to its heaving livid surface*

White Hot

The Tyneside Furnaces and Day for War a

Tyneside troubles lost some of their dreary persist programme awoke the furnaces, machines and ye up the walls of the Labour Exchanges for years To others jobs came through the Commissioner fo Tyneside Industrial Development Board and the y with their trading estates of new industries and n the Berengaria to be broken up when she was Whitworth subsidiary, a shipbreaking company. A flooding demand for ships and shells and mach had 10,000 men out of work in a population of 32,00 still wanting jobs. All along the Tyneside the same union says that the only shipwrights unemployed are men there is a definite shortage. One question lurks this rebirth of a river, in the minds of those who h and go. Will these roaring furnaces still redden the



ood German steel of the days before "ersatz," naces of the Jarrow Metal Industries to be al. This workman takes a sample from an his eyes from the fierce heat and light

The crucible of the furnace slides out for reloading. Every four hours the white-hot liquid of molten metal can be tapped

Light, searing and violent, and the wicked firework of sparks come from the cauldron being tapped. The men, wearing smoked glasses, seem superhuman in the familiar casualness with which they work. Their surroundings, to a visitor, are an inferno of noise and heat and vast incalculable elemental powers

• • • •

s Burn Night and Industry

istence when the first rearmament yards. Men who had propped s found themselves wanted again. for the Special Areas, from the yneside Improvement Commission new buildings. To Jarrow came as purchased by an Armstrong- And then came the war and a achines and guns. Once Jarrow ,000, to-day maybe a thousand are me story is told. The shipwrights' re those too old to work. Of skilled rks behind this return of prosperity, have seen other good times come he night sky after the war is over?

Major T. G. Bird *is the managing director of the Armstrong-Whitworth group of companies. Under his eye is a vast network of steel works and armament factories and subsidiaries*

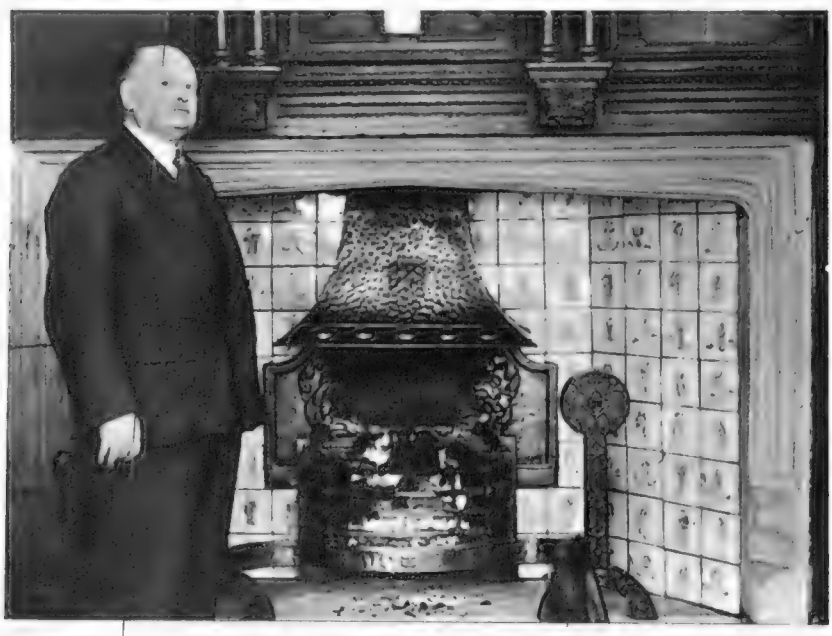
Colonel S. E. Monkhouse *is managing director of the North-Eastern Electric Supply Company whose activities have expanded with the establishment of the new trading estates of Tyneside*

Captains of Industry

Here are six of the men who guide the industrial activities of Tyneside. They fan and direct the flames, from their more or less distant offices, of the furnaces of which pictures are on the two previous pages

E. R. Beckingham *is chairman of the Tyneside Industrial Development Board executive committee, and managing director of Broomhill Collieries. Standing beside him is Stanley Holmes, the industrious and vigorous secretary of the T.I.D. Board, whose faith in the future of Tyneside is unbounded. The Board has done great things in bringing new industries to the district, and especially those in which refugee business men can teach their trades and crafts to local workers*

Colonel M. D. Methuen *is general manager of the North-Eastern Trading Estates of which Team Valley is one. Here new light industries, such as weaving, making wire ornaments and utensils from scrap metal, wall-paper making, have been established, often run by refugee industrialists, with local labour*



Sir Arthur Sutherland

Sir Arthur Sutherland *is a shipowner and coal exporter whose directorships, chairmanships and general activities in and around Newcastle, are very numerous. He has his office in an Elizabethan building near the quay. He is among other things president of the Newcastle and Gateshead Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the Tyneside Improvement Commission*

Walter Bird

A Pole Plays for Poland

Josef Hassid, the sixteen-year-old Polish violinist, made his second appearance in London at the Queen's Hall on April 25th in aid of the Polish Relief Fund. This was his first opportunity of playing a concerto (Tchaikovsky's) with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of a fellow-countryman, Gregor Fitelberg (formerly head of the Warsaw Radio), and a large audience fully appreciated the brilliance of his interpretation. Hassid had played in public only once before, at a recital at the Wigmore Hall less than a month ago, when his performance was equally impressive. Born at Suwalki, in north-east Poland, son of a Jewish clerk, the young Josef knew what it was to go ragged and hungry. He gave a concert in Warsaw at the age of ten, and came to England in December 1937. After a few months' study in London his teacher, Professor Flesch, declared that he had nothing technical to teach this the most gifted pupil he had ever had; and no less a genius than Kreisler, who lent him the violin in the photograph, describes his as " the most promising violinistic talent I have ever heard." There will soon be several other opportunities of hearing Hassid's playing

Simon and Judith, *now twelve and thirteen respectively, are very proud of their mother's work. Behind them are their likenesses in bronze at an earlier age, made five years ago*

Gertrude Hermes

Sculptor, Designer, Engraver

Gertrude Hermes intended to be a painter, till one day she picked up a chisel and tried working in stone — with such success that she abandoned painting for sculpture. Then followed a year's study in London and a further twelve months in Germany. One of her first big jobs was the design of an immense glass window at the Paris Exhibition of 1937. This won high praise from international art critics, as did her glass panels at New York World's Fair. This year Gertrude Hermes has been invited to exhibit wood engravings at the Biennial International Exhibition in Venice

"Door Furniture," *which Gertrude Hermes showed in an Industry and Art Exhibition at Dorland Hall, is another aspect of her art. Other examples of her bold designs were on view three years ago at the Victoria and Albert's Ancient and Modern Domestic Metalware Exhibition*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Her studio, *where she lives and works, is close to the river at Chiswick. Alabaster is the medium for "Leda and the Swan," on the left; "The Diver" is carved in walnut, and "Boy" from a young plane-tree. "The Snake and the Arum Lily," on the right, is made from lignum vitæ, one of the hardest and smoothest woods for carving*

Films of the Day

Strong Spring Makes Watery Coffee

By George Campbell

If the credit-list is evidence, *My Son, My Son!* is good. After dazing you with Madeleine Carroll, Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward, twenty-four other stars and featured players, the producer, director and original author, it goes on:

Screen Play	LENORE COFFEE
Photography	HARRY STRADLING, A.S.C.
Dialogue Director	STANLEY LOGAN
Art Director	JOHN DUCASSE SCHULZE
Interior Decorations	CASEY ROBERTS
Supervising Film Editor	GRANT WHYTOCK
Film Editor	FRED R. FEITSHANS, JUN.
Musical Director	EDWARD WARD
Sound	EARL SITAR
Wardrobe	BRIDGEHOUSE
Make-Up Director	DON CASH
Assistant Director	WILLIAM TUMMEL
Special Effects	HOWARD ANDERSON

That, you 'll agree, is formidable. And it is not the fault of Mr. Anderson if one of the special effects of any film in which Miss Carroll, Mr. Aherne and Mr. Hayward appear is to induce in me a wistful desire to stay away.

Mr. Howard Spring's novel, originally called *O Absalom!*, was a work of sincerity and power, pervaded to the end with appropriate Old Testament gloom. William Essex, born in a Manchester slum, makes a great success as a writer and tries to give his son everything he missed. The spoiled boy grows up a liar and a cheat. He repays his father's devotion by running away with his fiancée, goes off to the war and wins the V.C., and comes back to seduce his childhood friend, Maeve, now a popular actress. For Maeve the consequences, though not unpredictable, are unhappy, and she finds escape in poison. The war over, Oliver fights in Ireland with the Black and Tans, kills another friend of his childhood, the Irish rebel, Rory, and to cap a record of sordid treachery relieved by flashes of heroism, murders a rent collector for money, and hangs for it.

This proved too much for Hollywood, and the Coffee version is served up with dashes of the sugar and cream supposed to tickle the public's palate. In the film the father's sweetheart, Livia, gallantly resists all assaults on her virtue; and though Maeve is sacrificed to Oliver's brutal selfishness as in the book, he is made to feel genuine repentance, and dies winning his V.C.

How Mr. Spring reacted to the screen version one can only speculate. For myself, I found it a little too painful for enjoyment and a little too watered down for art, in the sense that the even grimmer *La Bête Humaine* was art. For all that, there are good things in it. Louis Hayward, whose rather brittle, affected manner always irritates me, has not the good looks and radiant charm that enabled Oliver to get away with everything short of murder, but he does give an extremely good performance. Brian Aherne succeeds in indicating the father's doting love; Laraine Day makes a charmingly vivacious Maeve; and amongst the supporting roles Stanley Logan's jovial colonel, full of anecdotes of Poonah, stands out. Madeleine Carroll's performance as the artist, Livia, is less satisfactory.

Son and father *are Louis Hayward and Brian Aherne as Oliver and William Essex in "My Son, My Son!", the screen version of Howard Spring's best-seller, "O Absalom!" The two women in the story, Livia and Maeve, are played by Madeleine Carroll and Laraine Day. "My Son, My Son!", which Charles Vidor directed, went to the Odeon last week, and is reviewed on this page*

"THE TOWER OF LONDON" takes us back to Richard Crookback and his bloody path to power. When the story opens in 1471 Richard's chances are not bright, as the audience is neatly reminded by a little wax tableau showing all those who stand between him and the throne. But one by one he eliminates them—Henry VI. and the little Princes by assassination, the Prince of Wales in the mêlée of Tewkesbury, and Clarence by drowning in the traditional manner in a great butt of his favourite malmsey. These proceedings might easily have been rather ridiculous, and I dare say the dons will curl a lip; but some of the scenes are theatrically effective, and the thing as a whole isn't at all bad entertainment. For this we have to thank Basil Rathbone for a Richard of real power, Ian Hunter for a jovially ruthless Edward IV., and Boris Karloff for an executioner, complete with bald head, hook nose and club foot, in the best fee-fi-fo-fum manner. I also liked the John Wyatt of John Sutton, a new actor of finely masculine good looks and considerable ability.

"IT'S A DATE" gives us a new Deanna Durbin—not exactly grown up, but near enough to womanhood to make the reports of her real-life love-affair seem credible. Here she is the stage-struck daughter of a famous actress (Kay Francis). Add that she longs to play the role for which her mother is originally cast, and that her mother is in love with a Honolulu pineapple king whom she believes (mistakenly) to be in love with her daughter, and you have the essentials of a plot that owes practically nothing to Ibsen. Deanna sings several songs, including "Ave Maria" again: there is a deal of excellent comedy from Melvyn Douglas and some tiresome dialogue from the imaginary play; and Miss Francis is charming as the mother. Eugene Pallette, that superb comedian, is wasted on the small part of an American Governor.

"WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES" is, as you might suppose, a melodrama of a woman's prison. Once again we see a merciless exposure of American judicial and prison methods, and an innocent man sentenced to die. Ellen Drew, whose permanent wave survives both anguish and prison, is not my idea of an actress; but Robert Paige, as the fellow unjustly convicted, Judith Barrett, as a gangster's moll, and Louise Beavers, as a coloured prisoner, all have their points or their curves.

"THE AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS" gets us back to the brilliant detective hampered by a woman's aid, or, as in this case, opposition. It might have been better if the story had been devoted to a single case instead of bits of three or four; but Melvyn Douglas's detective, compelled to masquerade as a woman, is very funny indeed, and Joan Blondel, as his girl friend, will linger in memory for a décolletée less surprising in the nursery than the office of the chief of police.

The Season at Sadler's Wells

The Company Reaches Maturity: By Arnold L. Haskell

FROM the moment that the Vic-Wells ballet had its beginning some eight years ago I have taken it seriously, have judged it according to the highest standards, and was consequently considered at the time its confirmed enemy. Time has proved that I was right and that from the very first there was about it an importance that merited the adoption of the sternest critical standards. That early attitude allows me to praise the Wells now that it has reached maturity—the lesson of this season—without the possibility of suspicion that I am being kind or that my praise is dictated from patriotic motives when I claim, as I have done, that it is a valuable national possession.

It is very necessary just now to preserve our rigid critical standards, since any dozen people can get together, call themselves a ballet company and succeed in eliciting some kind of praise from the good-hearted or the uncritical. There are many such "ballet companies," but only the Vic-Wells is a truly national effort that is creating a main-stream tradition; that is not to deny that the others may have their uses as talent laboratories.

SINCE the outbreak of war Sadler's Wells has reached full maturity. This is evident through two creations by Frederick Ashton and the recent performances of that artistic touchstone, *Les Sylphides*. The first of these productions is the *Dante Sonata* to music by Liszt, arranged by Lambert with decors by Fedorovitch after Flaxman, an amazingly happy choice. Constant Lambert's attitude to the symphonic ballet has been made abundantly clear through his writings. This worker makes it clearer still. What he objects to is the time factor, the necessity of filling out forty or more minutes of sound. The result is inevitably a minimum of inspiration with a maximum of padding.

In the *Dante Sonata* Ashton has adopted what we might term a symphonic theme and symphonic choregraphy, but there is no trace of padding. He pictures a violent struggle between two groups of spirits; there is no characterisation, but an almost abstract visualisation of what the choregrapher feels about the music. The result is a breathlessly passionate work, romantic but without the period romantic paraphernalia which he had previously handled with such success in *Apparitions*. Such an abstraction, with no literature to come in between creator and public, is inevitably a great adventure. Massine alone had attempted it, but Ashton has succeeded in the whole more perfectly because of the choice of music and the consequent tightening-up of the work. There is no repose, it is in a sense a painful thing to watch, an experience of a type rare in ballet. It is a landmark in choregraphy. Its obvious sincerity shows that it has been directly inspired by recent happenings.

THE second creation, *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*, presents a strong contrast in mood. Its music is by Bach, beautifully orchestrated by William Walton. I have always felt that Bach is not a suitable composer for ballet, and the present work confirms me in my view. No choregrapher can overcome the formality and at the same time the depth of the music. The result must verge on the tedious or the flippant. Ashton has tackled this difficult problem and has done so amazingly well. The ballet clearly shows the working of a mature mind. There are moments of extraordinary plastic quality and groupings of very great beauty. There is far more in the narrative than the choregrapher has revealed; there is depth in the drama as in the music that he has avoided. Yet plastically the work is a success: it is choregraphy for the choregrapher, just as one might say of a painting that it is of the kind that another painter would appreciate. It is a distinct step forward for its creator, in spite of the fact that the music and theme have handicapped him from the start. Rex Whistler's Renaissance setting and costumes are a delight, though their scale somewhat detracts from the figures. Margot Fonteyn and Mary Honer give delightful performances and are admirably chosen foils. Our sympathy is never engaged, but we can and do delight in the pictorial beauty. Plastically the work is never tedious, and that to my mind reveals the mastery that Ashton has of the métier.

THE artistic maturity of the company as a whole was especially evident in the familiar *Les Sylphides*. Against Benois' original setting, the only one worthy of this poem, there was no flaw to reveal the youth of the company, as apart from its members, though I wish that the final leap, never in Fokine's intention, had been omitted. Pamela May has developed enormously. She has always been one of the finest exponents of pure classicism on the stage; now she has gained in depth, intensity and the ability to interpret. Her combination of technique and feeling is rare and her Valse equalled Baronova and Toumanova at their best and musically satisfied me more than theirs. June Brae's *Prelude* has always been a very beautiful performance. I have never forgotten Riabouchinska in that role: her memory has usually blotted out every interpretation, but not this one. June Brae has a personality of her own and is an ideal interpreter of Fokine.

IT is good news that this mature company should now be sent to Holland, Belgium and France. Cultural propaganda is important. Evidently the Germans are of the same opinion, for they are sending a ballet company to Holland the very day Vic-Wells leaves. It will be the sixth or seventh theatrical company that the Germans have sent to Holland. That should be noted by those who sneer at the value of this indirect propaganda. Daily the Germans claim that we have no creative artistic ability — many of us believe it ourselves. The Vic-Wells ballet is a proof that in one branch of art, a composite one, we have no superiors.

I am not one of those who believe that dancers should not fight, and I deplore the recent controversial publicity that was entirely misleading. Neither dancers nor management wish to be placed above the law. I do believe, however, that until military necessity makes it imperative it should be recognised that these young men are not luxuries but are performing a valuable function and that they should receive at any rate the same consideration as film actors have been receiving, so that they can continue to assist the ballet to live and to spread a knowledge of national culture. On the ground of personal hardship, the dancer's case is a very special one, as such an interruption means almost inevitably giving up the career for which he has been trained at considerable cost. However, that is not our immediate concern. Postponement is a very different thing from exemption. To put the male dancer in a category of his own by exempting him would be death to the ballet. The male dancer is not effeminate, not an exotic; he is essentially an athlete. Like every other member of the community, he is eager to share in the common task. If, like the film actor or the athlete, he can be spared *for a time* for work that is important, so much the better. Let it be remembered that there is only one such ballet company, that it is young and easily destroyed, that its preservation is as important as that of a museum, a piece of architecture or a beauty spot.

Bon Voyage to the Ballet

Margot Fonteyn and Mary Honer and Pamela May were photographed at the station when they left London ten days ago with the rest of the Vic-Wells ballet company for their visits to Holland, Belgium and France. Mr. Haskell writes about this tour in his article here. The company comes back to Sadler's Wells for a summer season in June

Out in the Sun

In Town— on Holiday

Dresses and jackets have been the mainstay of every summer collection this year, and, of all the short coats, the bolero is definitely the choice of the season. Long or short sleeved, it is surprisingly versatile, for it suits heavier figures just as well as the young and slim. The attractive model above, in moss crêpe, shows a long-sleeved bolero, with printed facings on the revers, worn over a short-sleeved frock. And, a point which deserves to be heavily underlined, the two together cost only 59s. 6d., in black or navy as well as pastel colours. You can find it at Swan and Edgar's, in Piccadilly Circus

Carefree, casual, but perfectly tailored, the girl on the left goes fishing for victory. Holidays are more important than ever this year, for no one can afford to be ill next winter, so Jantzen have produced a tribe of delightful models, including this buttoned pinafore playsuit in linen. Here it is worn with a polka-dotted shirt in gum twill silk, cut with a pleated yoke, but it would, of course, look equally charming with a short-sleeved blouse. Their swim-suits are as good as ever. Many of them are made with the quarter-skirted panel front that gives such a slim line, especially when the material is their Velvalure fabric, into which Lastex yarn is actually knitted

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Doll's House in Spain

By V. S. Pritchett

THE autobiography of Constancia de la Mora, *In Place of Splendour* (Michael Joseph; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is a delightful, intimate and spirited account of the struggle of a rich and beautiful Spanish girl to get out of the Spanish *Doll's House* of upper-class life in Madrid before the civil war. I doubt if many people in England can imagine exactly what that life was like; indeed, to the foreigner it was impenetrable. One can only recall those life-stories of Victorian wives who came out of the school-room into the marriage market and who were married off to husbands who locked them up and frankly lived on their fortunes; that was the marital basis of society and its background was a religious obscurantism and venomous class-consciousness. On the one hand: the appalling tedium of Spanish formality, the trotting and fanning chaperones; on the other hand, the over-ripe demi-monde, picaresque but wallowing and boasting, almost Teutonically, in its bad taste. Constancia de la Mora was the granddaughter of Antonio Maura, Spain's most celebrated Conservative Prime Minister; and both politically and socially the family had the clenched teeth of the old order; but Maura was well aware (and said so) that Spain needed a revolution. He was head and shoulders above his party and family. It was his brother who accepted the rather comic dukedom, which Don Antonio was far too dignified to take, and who wrote King Alfonso's disastrously tentative abdication. The Duke of Mora represented the frightened upper class who accepted the Republic with their tongues in their cheeks, frustrated the Spanish people's century of struggle, and eventually cut their own throats by letting in General Franco and his new rich.

IT is an irony of Constancia de la Mora's life that she married into a Málaga family who were to become notorious Falangists. The Bolins have been accurately portrayed by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell; Constancia de la Mora's intimate, inside picture of her marriage completes a revealing and unedifying social picture. The Spaniards are subtle snobs and do this kind of thing well.

Constancia de la Mora's story goes on through the civil war—she was in charge of the Censorship in Valencia—but it is the picture of her childhood, her education, her marriage and divorce, which are the real interests of the book. There are the freezing convent schools, the annual ceremony wherein the rich girls marched into the poor school next door to give each poor child a bar of chocolate. The nuns were terrified of girlhood friendships and the Spanish Catholic's gloomy notions on education were very different from those of the Cambridge nuns later on. In Madrid Giner's famous Free School happened to be next door to the convent, a perfect object lesson. Those poor little children, the nuns said, were all going to hell, for they were the sons and daughters of liberals! At eighteen, revolted by the marriage market, Constancia de la Mora took to good works, but found the object of the revival in philanthropy which took place in the '20's was not to relieve the starvation of the poor, but to buy back their votes to the conservative forces. The accounts of those car journeys into the Castilian hovels and to the goitred and malarial horrors of Las Hurdes have a quiet truthfulness, for Constancia de la Mora does not pretend she was suddenly converted from her class. Her first marriage did that. It is a perfect story. The gloomy house, the suspect bridegroom who can never be persuaded to talk about his income, who is mistrusted by the family, until, at a funeral, he suddenly becomes the "life and soul" of the party and is accepted without anyone knowing why—the whole lugubrious tale with its Buicks, diamonds and sudden financial disillusion, is a magnificent short story. The unhappy man came from Málaga; but where, society asked, was Málaga? It was considered vulgar to travel beyond Seville in the south! Only rather common English people did that!

What keeps me in the dark
About Iraq
Is that I never can
Tell it from Iran

This is one of Walter Goetz's caricatures for "Who's Who in the Wars," clerihews by Duncan Miller (Peter Davies; 6s.), a topical collection full of wit. Publication coincides with Goetz's first one-man show of paintings at the Leicester Galleries which shows his fine sense of colour-values

"THE CREW OF THE ANACONDA" (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) were the kind of men who lived abroad for their country's good and last summer their latest victims, the South Americans, had begun to feel the stay had been long enough. There was nothing for it but to get into the fastest motor cruiser in the world, heave a wistful sigh for the good old days of hi-jacking off the coast of Maine, forging copper-mine certificates for the temptation of South American Finance Ministers on the make and tampering with one in forty hands of poker at Rio, and to steer for Tilbury and respectability. Indeed, Denis Halloran and crew arrived in such a state of purity in the Thames on September 3rd that they didn't know a war had been declared, and the last thing this questionable young Irishman expected was to find himself within a couple of days working for the police instead of against them. It was a definite come-down; on the other hand, civilisation was at stake (wasn't it?): the Gestapo were getting all the ha'pence and the Secret Service all the kicks. Who blew up the train at Derby? Who faked the Admiralty's orders to the destroyers waiting for the Bremen? Above all, who was this dead crook in the Admiralty most secret and virginal vaults? "Smell his nose," said Denis Halloran to the detective, and since the detective had been, perhaps, educated into a distaste for that kind of intimacy (please, Lord Trenchard, not that!) Denis took a sniff. Cocaine, of course; gangsters, Chicago, all the nastiest men in Chicago hired by Goebbels and tipped off by—well, by whom in the inner circle of the Admiralty? ("By God, I hate to think it's anyone in the Service!"). So Mr. Macdonnel spanks along, witty, lively, ingenious and very, very knowing.

MR. GEORGE SAVA is a surgeon who has realised that Peter Arno's famous question, "Have I told you about my operation?" always collects an enormous crowd. *A Ring at the Door* (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of some of his case histories. I especially liked the stomach operation on a sword-swallower who, when he was not swallowing swords, appeared (according to X-ray) to practise with nails and bits of glass. After some years this led to melancholia. Then there is this kind of remark which always appeals to me in the conversation of surgeons: "The procedure of removing the whole stomach is only sometimes completely successful."

As ballerina, Margaret Brenton (Lilian Harvey), the English dancer whose eccentricities set all Vienna talking, appears in Schubert's ballet, "Rosamonde." But Vienna has been so scandalised by her behaviour and above all by her liaison with the young composer that she is hissed by the audience

***Highland dress** made a girl jauntily attractive and showed off a good pair of legs even in Schubert's day. At least, so thought dancer Margaret Brenton. (She and the Cochran Young Ladies in "Highland Swing" a year or so ago seem to have something in common)*

"Serenade"

Lilian Harvey in a French Schubert Film

Another of those romantic musical films about Schubert has been made, this time in France. It is of the style and period, more or less, of *Congress Dances*, which made Lilian Harvey's name, and she has the part of Schubert's wild young English light of love, Margaret Brenton. *Serenade* was put on at the Academy, Oxford Street, last Saturday. In Paris and Belgium Lilian Harvey went to the premieres herself, and also to the French Army zone, where Schubert—Bernard Lancret, now Gunner Mahoudeau—was also present. He and his comrades put on a burlesque of *Faust* to celebrate Lilian Harvey's visit to their station

***Young Schubert** is played by Bernard Lancret, a new jeune premier of the French screen. During his love-affair with the English dancer, he composes "Serenade" for her, loses his post as St. Etienne organist because of the talk about his private life*

***Chief of Police** Hartmann is Louis Jouvet. Margaret Brenton's wild, eccentric life in Vienna has brought her under his eye, he falls for her, finally arranges for her departure from Vienna when she has decided to be free and a dancer and to leave Schubert to his music*

Flight-Lieut. Edgar Ryder, R.A.F.

Flt.-Lt. Ryder was one of the ten who received the D.F.C. After attacking a Heinkel, his Spitfire came down in the sea; he was trapped upside down thirty feet under water before he could be picked up by a trawler. His mother went with him to the Palace

These R.A.F. Officers Also Won the D.F.C.

Flying Officer Dereck French, Pilot Officer Michael Homer, and Pilot Officer William Mulloy received the D.F.C. from the King for gallantry in attacking enemy warships at Bergen

Lieut. Harold West, R.N.

Lieut. West was decorated by the King with the D.S.C. for his courageous work in the reclaiming and rendering safe of enemy mines in Norwegian waters

Squadron-Leader Miles Delap, R.A.F.

Mrs. Delap accompanied her husband, Sq.-Leader Miles Delap, to the Palace to see him awarded the D.F.C. for scoring direct hits on two U-boats in the Heligoland Bight

Heroes of Sea and Air

Eight of the twenty-six members of the Services decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace on May 7th

Lieut. Robert Pattinson, R.N.R.

Lieutenant Pattinson, R.N.R. (left), was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his courage on H.M. Trawler Northern Duke. He took a small schoolboy nephew with him to the Palace, and the boy's mother, his sister

Lieut.-Com. Edwards, of H.M.S. Watchful, was honoured with the D.S.O. for his skill and courage in securing and stripping enemy mines regardless of his own safety. On right, he leaves the Palace with his wife and daughter, Sylvia

Lieut.-Commander Roy Edwards, R.N.

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C.J.L.

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Butler — Biddle

At All Souls', East Budleigh, Devon, Captain Richard S. Butler, Gloucestershire Regiment, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Butler, of Glebe Cottage, Cornwood, Devon, married Auriol Lilian Evelyn Biddle, daughter of the late Rev. A. R. Biddle, and Mrs. Biddle, of Temple Hill, East Budleigh

Eveleigh — Stow

The wedding of Michael Eveleigh, 17th/21st Lancers, and Heather Joan Fenwick Stow took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the second son of the late E. C. Eveleigh, and Mrs. Eveleigh, of Instow, North Devon, and she is the younger daughter of V. A. S. Stow, Principal of Mayo College, Ajmer, Rajputana, and Mrs. Stow, temporarily of 4, Pelham Crescent, S.W.

Seymour — Leatham

The wedding took place at Chelsea Old Church of Christopher Seymour, 10th Hussars, younger son of the late Brig.-Gen. A. G. Seymour, and Mrs. Seymour, of 23, Warwick Square, S.W.1, and Honor Leatham, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Leatham, of Redbourn House, Wentworth, Surrey

Wingfield Digby — Budge

The Rev. S. Basil Wingfield Digby, temporary Chaplain to the Forces, son of Canon S. H. and Mrs. Wingfield Digby, of Kiamba, Kenya, married Barbara Hatton Budge, daughter of the late Colonel W. Hatton Budge, and Mrs. Budge, of Brinsworthy, Parkstone, Dorset, at St. Mary's, Longfleet, Poole, Dorset. The Bishops of Salisbury and Sherborne officiated

Ades — Worley

Second-Lieut. Raymond Ades, R.A., eldest son of Elie Ades, of Alexandria, and the Hon. Mrs. Donough O'Brien, of 2, Upper Berkeley Street, W.1, married Stella Worley, younger daughter of the late Sir Arthur Worley, and Lady Worley, of the Gables, Oxshott, Surrey, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Tew — Heale

Thomas Martin Percy Tew, 9th Lancers, married Rosemary Hope Heale at Chelsea Old Church. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Tew, of Brightling Park, Robertsbridge, Sussex, and she is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. R. J. W. Heale, and stepdaughter of Mrs. Heale, of Silton House, Gillingham, Dorset

Perceval — Clerk

At Westminster Cathedral, Robert Westby Perceval, R.A., son of Major and Mrs. F. W. Perceval, of Mark Beech, Edenbridge, Kent, married Rosemary Clerk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Clerk, of Boscastle, Cornwall

Incledon — Beresford

Gerald H. Incledon, only son of the late Herbert Incledon, and Mrs. Incledon, of 180, Coleherne Court, S.W.5, was married at Kensington register office to Hazel Beresford, only daughter of the Hon. William Horsley-Beresford, of 8, Pont Street, S.W.1. Her father is the brother of Lord Decies

Davies — Burrough

At Brompton Parish Church, Lieut. Anthony Davies, R.N., only son of the late Arthur Davies, and Mrs. Davies, of 97, Overstrand Mansions, S.W.11, was married to Lilian Hilda Burrough, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. M. Burrough, of 74, Melton Court, S.W.7.

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Anita Evelyn Jolly

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn B. Jolly, of Aylmerton Hall, Roughton, Norfolk. She has announced her engagement to Edgar E. Buzaglo, of 29, Sinclair Mansions, W., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. M. Buzaglo

Catherine Bell

Moira Ann Goddard

Is engaged to Second Lieut. John Thomson McK. Anderson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late J. Anderson, and Mrs. Anderson, of Bagshot, Surrey. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Goddard, of Broadacre, Oxshott, Surrey

Catherine Bell

Joan Connolly

Is the daughter of the Hon. Sir James and Lady Connolly, of 30, Cadogan Square, S.W.1, and Holmwood, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks. Her fiancé is Herbert W. M. Parker, son of the late Canon W. A. H. Parker, and Mrs. Parker, of Prenton, Birkenhead

Cannons of Hollywood

Daphne Bick

Is the elder daughter of Mrs. Bick, of Amulree, Weybridge, Surrey; is engaged to Michael Underwood, only son of Major J. G. and Mrs. Underwood. She is at present working in an emergency hospital, Old Surrey Hall, near Lingfield

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Crawshaw

Is the only daughter of the late H. Crawshaw, of British Columbia, and Mrs. Crawshaw, of 12, Wickwood Court, St. Albans, Herts. She is engaged to Reginald Wilkinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilkinson, of Kildare, Weymouth, Dorset

Lenare

Veronica Ann Patricia Dove

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest P. Dove, of Newport House, Wantage, Somerset. Her engagement was announced to Mervyn Jackson (Pep) Muspratt-Williams, Lincolnshire Regt. and R.A.F., younger son of the late R. L. Muspratt-Williams, and Mrs. Muspratt-Williams, of West Coker, Somerset

Bassano

Ann Purdy

Announces her engagement to Second Lieut. Thomas Leslie Mann, Seaforth Highlanders. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Purdy, of Woodgate House, Aylsham, Norfolk, and he is the only son of the late T. L. Mann, and Mrs. Mann, of Brockville, Elgin

Sheila Field

Is engaged to Brigadier Lionel Howard Cox, M.C. (late Gloucestershire Regiment), son of the late Dr. and Mrs. W. Cox, of Winchcombe, Glos. She is the daughter of E. Field and Mrs. Field, of Chellowdean, Woodside Green, S.E. They will be married in Malta in June

Harlip

Lucy Margaret Hayne

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayne, of Osmington, Weymouth, and grandchild of the late W. W. Ouless, R.A. She will marry in June Jocelyn Francis Brian Pomeroy, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Major and Mrs. F. K. Pomeroy, of 15, Harlow Oval, Harrogate

Harlip

Patricia Slade

Is engaged to Stephen Barclay, Westminster Dragoons, second son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Barclay, of Bury Hill, Dorking, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of the late George Slade, and Mrs. Slade, of Mocktons, Brenchley, Kent, and a cousin of the Prime Minister

Bassano

Betty Corbett Nation

Is engaged to Lieut. (E.) Terence Birley Yates, R.N., son of the Rev. H. H. Yates, of Ipswich, and the late Mrs. Yates. She is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. F. Nation, R.E., and Mrs. Nation, of 62, Queensborough Terrace, W.2

Bassano

Phyllis Mary Greenfield

Is to marry Sub.-Lieut. Robert Fulton (Robin) Walker, R.N.V.R. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherod H. Greenfield, of Owersby Moor, Claxby, Lincoln, and he is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Duguid Walker, of Ryton Grove, Ryton, Co. Durham

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Motoring Commentary

Running on Gas?

By "Spare Wheel"

DURING the last war, about 10,000 motor-vehicles were converted to run on commercial gas, generally carried in a bag on the roof. Considering the number of motors in use then, that was a large proportion. But then, petrol prices were soaring; though the tax never rose above sixpence a gallon, the price was over three shillings for a long time, and actually touched 4s. 1d. for a month or so. I wonder if there will be any similar rush for gas this time. Petrol prices should be very much more stable; on the other hand, rationing may become stricter.

At present there are, I believe, only about 500 gas-driven vehicles in use and about 200 using producer gas, but the gas companies are going in for the supply of gas for transport in a big way, and one gas-bag manufacturer alone is budgeting to produce 20,000 bags. Well, here are the pros and cons for the owner of a car or small van: for fleets the position might be different.

Conversion to gas costs from £30 for an 8-h.p. car to £48 for a three-ton lorry; this is the all-in cost, tested on the road and ready to drive away. Your bag holds roughly the equivalent of a gallon of petrol, or, to put it more accurately for the average, is good for about 20 miles at a filling. Gas is not as efficient a fuel; there is some loss of power from the engine, and there is the wind resistance of the bag on the roof—at 25 m.p.h. against a 20-m.p.h. wind, it is enough to absorb 10 h.p. So with the bag that a baby car can mount on its roof you cannot reckon to do much more than 20 at a filling, if as much. Larger cars and lorries can count on 20 miles or more. The cost in London, where gas is fairly dear, is between 1s. 8d. and 2s. for the equivalent of a gallon, the price consisting of so much gas at 11d. a therm, plus a filling charge of 4d. or 5d. Filling a small bag takes seven minutes.

Thus the contra side is formidable. You have your conversion outlay, and your fuel is likely to cost you as much as petrol. There is some loss of speed and acceleration, and a rather unwieldy contraption on the top of your car, the fitting of which demands a hole through the roof to take a bolt and nut. On the other side of the ledger, you can still use petrol and draw your basic rations (if a private car), and in addition you can have all the gas-fuel you want, so that you can motor just as freely as ever. The gas companies have just taken joint action to make it easy to get your bag filled. By the beginning of this month there were seventy filling points, gas-works and garages in Greater London, and more were being fitted with supply-pipes.

The more the use of gas spreads, the greater will be the facilities for getting it. All the gas undertakings everywhere are getting a move on and garages are joining in. Already, I believe, you could get from London to Eastbourne or Bournemouth on gas, getting fills on the way, and they say that, with judicious use of your petrol rations to fill the gaps between gas supply-pipes, you will soon be able to get anywhere. For local work, the gas-bag obviously has some advantages, and obviously it is the saving of the man who must drive and can't get petrol. The need now arises for a distinctive sign by which gas-filling stations can be recognised.

FROM the assembly line of one of the several Ford factories in the States, there rolled the other day the 28,000,000th Ford car. (The actual date was April 8, so by now the Ford score is about 100,000 higher still.) This is not far short of the total number of cars in that country, and nearly three-quarters of the total of cars in the whole world. It was in 1903 that Henry Ford foresaw that the motor-car would become a household necessity like the lawn-mower or the hat-stand, and began to plan what was to be known as their mass production. He started with a capital of 28,000 dollars; a thousand cars have been built for every dollar invested with him. Ford has paid out over £1,000,000,000 in wages, £2,500,000,000 for materials, and £175,000,000 in taxes. He is now employing over 100,000 men.

Without doubt someone else would have developed mass production and applied it to motor manufacture if Henry Ford had not been born. Nevertheless, it is true to say that Ford made the cheap car possible and so made its use universal. It was Benz, Daimler and Levassor who invented the motor-car, but Henry Ford who made its manifold and inestimable advantages available to mankind; Henry Ford who turned it into a vehicle of civilisation ranking in importance with printing, telephony and the cinema.

A curious blend of altruism and good business, a blend native to the United States, is to be found in Mr. Ford's career. He has always paid the highest wages and taken the most particular pains for the welfare and physical happiness of his workers. On the other hand, when five or six years ago he found that his cars were out of date and that his models and his factories would have to be replanned, which meant closing down for the best part of a year, he found a simple way of recouping the loss of profits entailed. He bought thousands of General Motors shares, his biggest rival, knowing that they would boom as soon as he closed down.

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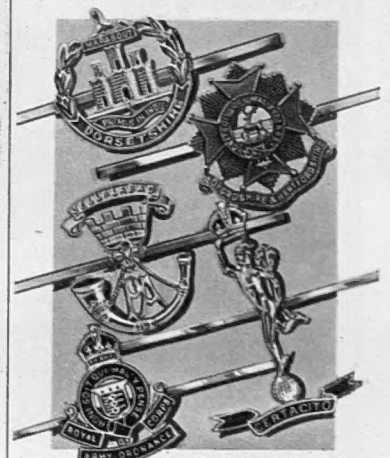

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

War Relief—in Both Senses

Of the many strange sensations of wartime, few have felt more odd to me personally than to know that there was a first-class competition going on within twenty miles and that I was not there. Equally odd, in all probability, did competitors feel to be playing in such a competition once again. Was the war a nightmare, or the golf a pleasant dream from which it was regrettable that an awakening must follow?

At all events, make hay while the sun shone was, from all accounts, the entirely wise motto of those who went to Royal Mid-Surrey to play in the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund meeting. Uniforms were conspicuous by their absence, though a goodly sprinkling could have worn them; so was all atmosphere of worry, either about golf or war for those few hours of glorious spring sunshine.

***An unusual golf match** took place at Hastings Downs Artisan Golf Club, when three married pairs played against two professionals, in aid of the Red Cross. Cox and Padgham played the best ball of the married pairs. The eight players lined up before the match: Air Commodore and Mrs. Critchley, Wing Commander and Mrs. John Morrison, Sq.-Leader and Mrs. John Beck, W. J. Cox (Wimbledon) and A. H. Padgham (Sunbridge Park)*

The majority of the competitors were entirely out of practice, and would therefore, normally, have thought themselves incapable of doing a sparkling round. But do it they did: five gross scores in the seventies, and all the handicap winners well below the par of 74.

Miss Maureen Ruttle's 75 won the scratch prize deservedly, and not unexpectedly. But for Hitler, she would possibly have been Girl Champion at this moment, and will still be eligible to compete if war should finish and the event be played any time up to August 1941. At seventeen and a bit, she is, therefore, too young to be in any of the Services, and has naturally had more time for the game than older players; the English and Open Championships may well come her way when they are played next, and nobody doubts her ability.

Miss Wanda Morgan's 77 was a gallant affair, for A.T.S. telephonist is not exactly the job to keep a golfing eye in, and she has not played a single round since August. Mrs. Lovett Cameron, from West Sussex, was 78; Miss Doxford and Miss Gourlay, 79; Miss Pam Barton had a mad minute in a bunker, and so had to rest content—or the other thing—with 81. Rumour has it that she means to give exhibition matches in aid of war charities this summer, as an ampler contribution to Britain's effort than sitting waiting in a First Aid unit.

Poor Miss Kathleen Garnham, who has been with her there these eight weary months, was an absentee, down with typhoid; her mother has been nursing her through it, and came down to Mid-Surrey for a brief breather, able mercifully to give reassuring news of how her patient was getting on. Mrs. Fishwick was there, too, and Miss Stringer, so that it was not only the competitors who enjoyed themselves.

What is the use of wartime golf if not to provide a bit of fun? Mrs. Gordon Black, for instance, having gone there for nothing more strenuous than to take a few snapshots and have a gossip, was prevailed upon to dash back home for her clubs—they would have been mighty rusty but for the invention of stainless steel—so as to partner an odd number. Whereupon, Mrs. Black holed a chip shot at the first hole, putted like an angel on the return journey, and with 89—18=71, took the first handicap in the Silver Division after a tie with Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Armstrong (Miss Sylvia Bailey) being third. That was the sort of thing that once upon a time Mrs. Black (then Miss Marjorie Livingstone) would have come racing to tell me about somebody else, just as a Press wire or a BYSTANDER article was going off; it was poetic justice that, when at last she had a chance to play, instead of work, she should make the most of it.

Miss Turquand romped home with 68 net in the Bronze Division, nobody getting nearer to her than ten strokes, 78 net having to satisfy Miss Abbott, Miss Rizoul, Mrs. Houston and Mrs. Parker.

But every competitor went home with a medal, Miss Doris Chambers generously presenting them—bronze, with an engraving of the Mid-Surrey clubhouse. She is similarly giving them for the *Daily Sketch* competition at Birkdale, on May 21st.

"Bystander" Monthly Spoons

In accordance with the BYSTANDER wartime arrangement to award spoons for the present in accordance with the number of cards received, the following are awarded for April—

Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Hope Johnstone	Barwon Heads (Victoria, Aus.) ..	85	18	67	74	7 below

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Mrs. J. F. Heatly ..	Tollygunge (India)	89	19	70	76	6 below
Miss Oak ..	North Oxford	104	36	68	71	3 ,,

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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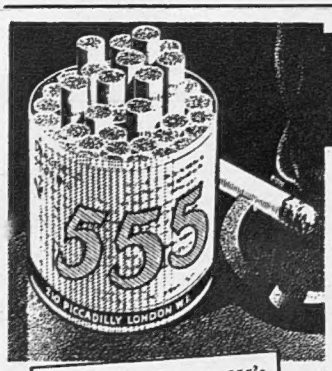

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There's not enough petrol to get to the links;
So we take to two wheels and we bicycle there;
Young Charles who served us with drinks has joined up,
And the Steward is tearing what's left of his hair.

The Colonel advances his views on the war
And thinks a defensive campaign is all wrong;
He proves with an ashtray, his matches and pipe
That we all may be stymied before very long.

The Pro's now a Warden, and proudly explains
How to quell an incendiary bomb should one land.
We ask somewhat bitterly if he's aware
That meanwhile the bunkers could do with some sand.

There's one caddie left and he's turned eighty-three,
A willing old rascal but no use at all,
He can't see a florin held up to his face,
So he certainly can't see the flight of a ball.

Well, grousing won't get us the figures, and so
We'll cheerfully try to diminish our score.
Thank goodness they haven't yet rationed the thrill
Of putting a 3 down when bogey is 4.

And thank goodness, too, there are ample supplies
Of the one thing that tigers and rabbits both bless.
Our drive is PIN-HI? Well, what else d'you expect
When the ball's Supercharged, a NORTH BRITISH S/S?

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